

WILL YOU DENY YOURSELF? Self-Denial Week,
MAY 25th to 31st, inclusive.

WAR CRY

THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 30

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



SAVE THE CHILDREN!

(See the Commissioner's article, p. 9.)

Ekamshum

Lessons from an Indian Legend.

By ADJT. R. SMITH.

HOW the Zimehases (natives of the north coast of British Columbia) will portray the devil's character will be seen by the following story.

The devil cut down a big cedar tree, and was making it into a canoe. One day while working at it, chipping



it out with an adze (the Zimehases made their own adzes from hard flint stones) a deer came near to the place, and when the devil saw the animal he called for it to come nearer, but the deer answered him, "No," being afraid of the adze Satan held in his hand.

Thereupon, the devil used words of abuse, and said, "Come close to me, and don't be afraid, for you are one of my best friends." Then the deer came closer. But the devil wasn't satisfied. "Come closer still," said he. The poor deer came quite near to God in man, and the devil took his adze and struck the deer in the head and killed it.

Thus we see that even before the Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached to these people, they had quite a conception of the power of the devil, and of his deadly work upon his victims.

How much we do see and know of the same plausible acts and works of Satan, ever tempting and enticing men and women to destruction.

He is the same liar, the same heartless fiend, the same cruel tyrant, and the same glib-tongued and deceitful enemy of man. His work is to destroy righteousness, and the work and image of God in man; to rob from God that which has been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

The convicted and pardoned soul, made wise through the light and help of the Holy Spirit, can be able to discern the temptations of the evil one, so that while walking in the light and faithful to duty, it is kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

The soldier of Jesus Christ needs to trust, and that daringly, in the power of God, and to encourage himself in the fact that God loves him and delights in him. Much patience is required in temptation and in conflict with the devil. We must—

"Cast to the winds our fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
He sees our hearts, He knows our fears,
And shall lift up our head."

For patient, daring trust in God carries the soul to victory, and lays temptation at its feet, filling the soul with much assurance and joy. Peace and hope fill the soul and make it to glorify God for such victory and triumph.

Many would be saved from being wrecked if they would give more time to their soul's needs. It is and to see those who once triumphed over the devil, deceived, defeated, and wrecked. The eternal destiny of man is a serious business, not to be trusted with or considered of no account, but of the greatest importance.

We should not consider the devil as a play-thing, or as a harmless thing, but as the enemy of all righteousness, as one sworn to our destruction, either trying to lead us astray by angelic light, or hellish darts.

Some seem to say they don't believe in the devil. Who then, carries on this devilish work? The Bible is very strong on his character, and shows him up as the father of liars, and the one who sowed "tares" in the world, and as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. In the Word he is painted in his true colors.

We have an armor we can put on that will enable us to withstand all the fiery darts of the devil. Hallelujah!

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR COMRADES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I am glad to be able to write these few lines to the War Cry. I am now on post-duty, but leaving this for a little while I will speak to my fellow officers and soldiers under the dear old flag, of the great war among the soldiers of our King and country. I am

fighting for King Edward VII., and will give my life, if needs be.

I am glad that by giving my service two precious souls have been won for the King of Kings. I played the cornet for the services on the boat, and find that my guitar comes in useful for my own meetings. I had two meetings, both of which God crowned and blessed. Two precious souls gave themselves to God. He is pleased. He would not bless. This letter is written under difficulties. God bless you, comrades—Capt. Steakes.



Our Missionary Fields.



JAVA.

Reference has been made before to the appointment of Major and Mrs. Glover to Java, but we are sure that the following, with the accompanying photograph, will be of special interest to our readers, as the Major and his devoted wife are so well known in Canada.

"Are you going down to see Major Glover?" inquired a lady of the reporter as we journeyed by train to Port Melbourne, on Friday, February 21st.

On replying that this was our intention, she continued, "I was so afraid I would be too late to see them. Major Glover has done a lot for my family, and she will be very much missed here." This unsolicited testimony, coming from an unknown friend, spoke eloquently of the work and character of our departing comrade, and we heartily re-echoed the sentiment in regard to Major and Mrs. Glover—"They will be missed."

Arriving at the wharf nearly an hour before the advertised time of sailing—two o'clock—Major Glover was found mounting guard over a host of cases, boxes, and trunks, of all shapes and sizes, all labelled, "Salvation Army Party, Java." While the luggage was being hoisted on board by half a dozen

Copper-Colored Indian Natives

we took a brief survey of the vessel which, for the next three weeks, will be the home of our missionary comrades.

The Argus, a large, solid-looking steamer, is designed especially for the Eastern trade, there being accommodations for only a few passengers. We dived below, and inspected the three cabins allotted to the party, one of which was quite a large room—for a ship. On every hand we met the dark-skinned natives of the East, and found the steamer, cooks, deck hands, sailors—lu felt, the whole crew—belong to India, and Major Glover will have ample opportunity to commence his missionary operations on the spot. The steamer was conveying about 150 hore a to Java for the Dutch Government, and the varied conduct of the animals, as they were pulled or pushed on board, afforded considerable amusement to the Salvationists who had now begun to gather on the wharf and steamer. We heard several Hindu quarters dignities discussing in quite an

Approved and Expert Fashion

on the various points that mark good horsemanship, and commenting not too favorably on many of the horses as they appeared in the long rows on each side of the ship.

Turning from these side-lights to the object of our gathering, it was seen that quite a number of Headquarters Staff and Social Officers, together with a sprinkling of soldiers, had assembled. Major Glover preserved a bright and cheery demeanor, and almost appeared to take things in what someone called a "philosophical manner"; but we knew how deeply in his heart he felt the tremendous responsibility of the post God and the Army had given him.

Mrs. Glover, dressed from a eulogistic send-off at the police court, where she had so faithfully served and represented the Army, was serious-looking and almost tearful. It was hard to realize that we should see her beaming face and hear her hearty voice no more on Headquarters, and

The Blessings of Many Others

besides the unfortunates of the streets will follow her across the water.

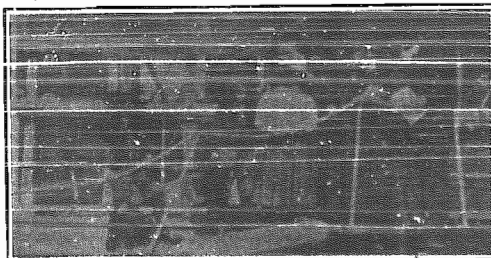
The other members of the party—Capt. Haley, whose two years of official work will help her in Java's lighter and easier duties; Mr. C. A. P., the Commonwealth Contingent of Cadets; and Sergt. Brian, who goes to continue the loving and loyal service she has long rendered to Major and Mrs. Glover, all were imbued with the spirit which one of them evidenced, when, in conversation, she said, "I feel it is an honor to go to the mission field, and would not have dared to offer unless I felt God had called me." The Major's three children were quite happy and lively; for them it was as yet little more than the novelty of a long sea voyage and the fascinations of a new country that filled their young minds.

The last unwilling horse had been dragged on board, and the last box hoisted over the side, when The Farewelling Party Grouped Together.

on deck to allow a photo being taken by Adj. Knight. It was not until after four o'clock that the last shore-line had been hailed on board by half a dozen smiling singing coolies, and the steamer began slowly to move away from the pier.

"Go bless you all, comrades: we go to Java to try and get the people saved!" shouted the Major across the water. A ringing cheer from the wharf answered him, and then someone started the old song with which we have parted from so many comrades for other lands—"God be with you till we meet again."

The flutter of the white handkerchiefs faded into the distance, our hearts went up in prayer for the Army's latest "missionary" party, and then we turned back to the road, and rush of the city to face the opportunities that lie so thickly around us at home as well as abroad.—C. A. P.



A Farewell Glimpse of Major and Mrs. Glover.

THE UNIFORM REBUKED HER.

How Much Wickedness, We Wonder, Has Our Army Uniform Prevented?

What thrilling reading could be made were it possible to put on paper a record of what the Salvation Army uniform has accomplished? How much wickedness has it rebuked and prevented? No wonder? Only the Judgment Day will reveal it.

A few days ago, a shun soldier, in full uniform, was walking along a dingy East End street, where, as is characteristic of the slums, a great many children and young people were playing in the roadway. One little group of grown-up girls, attracted by the soldier's attention, and just as he approached, a girl, about seventeen years of age, uttered a terrible oath on being aggravated by one of her companions. While even in the act of saying more, the young woman turned her head and saw that the Salvationist was passing her back as she swore, so, checking herself, and looking confused, she addressed the Salvationist:

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"
"Don't beg my pardon, my girl," replied the other: "beg God's!"
"I am very sorry indeed that I used such language," continued the girl.

Here, then, is another instance of the uniform reproving sin. Try It—Social Gazette.



To get a nice gloss on tabiculous or scurfy skin, etc., damp them a little and try them under the iron.

A tin filled with vinegar placed at the back of the stove will prevent the smell of cooking going all over the house.

Leaves and grasses may be frosted by dipping them in a solution of gum-arabic, then sprinkling with powdered glass.

A Good Furniture Polish.—Mix equal parts of vinegar, turpentine, and linseed-oil and rub on to the furniture with a piece of cloth and afterwards polish with a soft rag.

Equal quantities of lime-water and sweet-oil, beaten up together, make an excellent remedy for burns. A little ready mixed should always be kept in the house for immediate use.

An excellent mixture for chapped hands is to mix one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of rose water, and the juice of one lemon. Keep in a well-corked bottle and rub on the hands when damp after washing.

To Utilize Mustard Left in the Crockets.—Put the mustard in a wide mouthed bottle till half full, with vinegar added; then fill up with grated horseradish, when you will have a splendid sauce for either hot or cold roast beef.

When ironing, if the iron is rough and sticks, it is difficult to work, sprinkle a little salt on the ironing-board and rub the iron well up and down on it. It will speedily make the iron smooth again, and prevent its sticking.

To Remove a stain of copper, warm the bottle near a fire, then put a few drops of sweet oil on it, and warm it again at the fire. Then knock gently against the wood, and the stain will speedily come out.

To Stiffen Striped Fabric.—Put two cents' worth of soap into a little boiling water, and when dissolved brush a well into the fabric. Allow it to dry slowly, and the hat will look as good as new. Should the straw be black, it will deepen the color by adding a small quantity of black ink.

Why Glass Globes Often Crack.—In fitting on globes, it is a common error to screw them on to the gas fixture too tightly as possible. This is a grave error, for the globe has a tendency to expand, it will surely burst, and the gas is lighted and the globe comes hot. Many mysterious accidents are due to too tight screws.

Australasia.

Sweden.

The Way of the WORLD

Lightning statistics in the United States last year showed that nine-sixteenths of the persons struck recovered. Less than one-fourth were struck in open ground.

A man may drop a penny into the collection plate in such a way that it will make as much noise as a quarter; but it doesn't ring a quarter in Heaven's cash register.

With the Red Knights

AT RAT PORTAGE AND WINNIPEG.



SIX-THIRTY may not look an appetizing breakfast hour, but after a night on the cars, with the sharpening of a morning bright with a sunlit frost, it was the most welcome announcement in the world. Ensign Collett's cozy quarters, fresh and dainty as a new pin, with the Ensign herself escorting us into its warmth, and the smiling Lieutenant beaming on us from a promising background of steaming kettles and fragrant aromas, was like a little oasis after the desert of the night's journey. With the characteristic advance of knighthood, we took possession of the place, and laid siege to the breakfast.

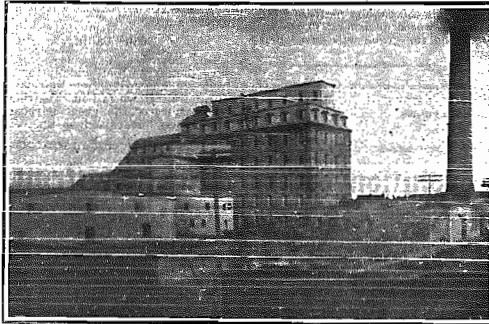
Rat Portage is a pretty place—even when looked at before breakfast—the picturesque arrangement of its hill-side dwellings lending support to the supposition that the town itself had been an afterthought. Charred ruins at several corners told the tragic story of recent fires, which wrought so much devastation; fortunately, these conflagrations have left unscathed the city's principal buildings, which comprise some really magnificent structures.

"A few tickets yet to dispose of," and the Ensign excused herself with an alibi which forbade doubt. The Ensign is a lass of some determination and we foresaw discretion in acquiescence. There is no doubt that the wholehearted advertisement of the officers much of the ultimate success must be attributed. It may be appended here that the Red Knights cannot say enough of the exceptional consideration and interest bestowed on their tour by the different officers. They have been the essence of kindness, or as one Red Knight designated it, "Nothing short of angelic." It may be submitted that so far at each of the corps visited the commanding officers have been lazier.

A rousing open-air with some swinging songs and a generous collection outside a teeming saloon, and we were on our way to the lecture hall of the Baptist Church, the commodious edifice secured for our meeting. The Red Knights have focussed a good deal upon their open-air endeavors, and have not lost by it. There has not been an instance when the attendance has been small or anything but appreciative. At Rat Portage a number

of nondescript youths formed our advance guard, marching ahead of us in delighted step to our drum and music.

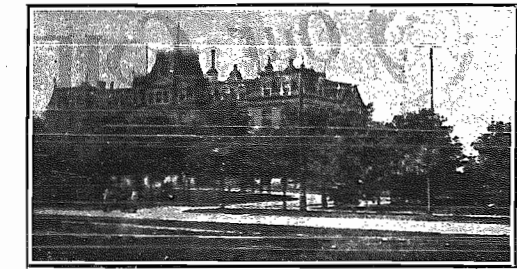
Somebody said they were captivated—perhaps they were, that smiling, stamping, applauding audience, as solos, selections, drills, and instrumental flights gratified their ears and invigorated the envy of small boy hoodlumism, which peered an echo of appreciation outside the windows. Somebody said they were con-



Ogilvie's Rolled Oats Mill, Winnipeg, Man.

science-splitten—perhaps they were, that silent sombre throng, as with down-drooped faces they listened to the solemn conclusion to which all the smiling service had led up. Some heavy burdens of sin's visitation were carried out. One mother dropped her's at the penitent form—it was touching to see her kneeling there, her infant child gazing up into her tear-bedewed face with wonderment and awe.

Did we say that anywhere in the neighborhood of six was an ideal breakfast hour? So we thought it when it faced us as we got off the cars. But we changed our opinion when it met us at 5.30 as a preliminary to boarding the train. The Red Knights are serving their apprenticeship at early rising, and day-break constitutional, which are no doubt beneficial, if not at the moment beneficial. The



Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, Man.

ment to the city. It was our first sight of it, and as we went from office to quarters, and lecture hall to basement, finishing with a long and lingering look at the spacious auditorium, we might be forgiven the occasional use of a few exhaustive adjectives, and a few prolonged exclamations. It is a building to be proud of.

"We are going to have a big time all right, that meeting has just whetted everybody's appetite," and our old friend Adjt. Wakefield counted up the Saturday night's offering (a generous one) with an air of confidence that was all-inspiring. We tried to memorize the meeting which had just passed, Winnipeg and the Red Knights had made acquaintance with each other. We had heard of them before, as a warm-hearted, wide-minded, enthusiastic people, and at our first sight we knew them as such. Perhaps they had heard something of us. Brigadier Pugmire's revivalistic reputation had preceded him, Staff-Capt. Morris was no new face, and his corset solos anticipated. Ensign Arnold's violin selections not unheard of, while if Capt. Russel was not known, her voice went deeper than the ears of those who heard her right from the start. Willie and Pearl were already old friends of everybody. But that introductory meeting put us all on our right footing and declared us as we were right away—

Not Mere Instrumentalists,

but a band of desperate soul-drovers and seekers. It was a meeting crested with enthusiasm, and reached boiling point more than once.

Sunday's meetings—how to describe them—their magnificent audiences, their holy excitement, their tense conviction, and splendid spiritual and financial results! There was the morning meeting—a crowd of intelligible people who drank in every earnest condemnation with an earnestness that was both touching and inspiring. Out of the thirteen who knelt at the mercy-seat almost every one was a volunteer. What if we were nearly chilled to the bone in the open-air? The afternoon meeting was a warmer in every sense of the word. The quartet, the solos, and the spoken messages of the party went with a thrill and a fervor that bespoke an exceptional oneness between the platform and the audience. Brigadier Pugmire had scarcely given the first invitation before a volunteer, a broken-down backslider, was at the front. But things reached a climax on Sunday night. There was an electrical feeling in the air during the preliminaries which intensified itself with every song, and repeated itself in every word and prayer. Matters began to look serious with many as Captain Russel emphasized the deep-striking truths of the song, "How can I die without Jesus?" and when Brigadier Pugmire followed with a Bible reading which laid bare the stinging factors of an imminent eternity, men's hairs nearly stood on end and women sobbed like children. It seemed as though

Every Man Stood by His Own Death-Bed.

Conviction was sife among the crowd, people sobbed all over, and the penitent form was dewy with the contrition of many.

The musical festival was the finishing touch. A magnificent meeting, presided over by Brigadier Southall, and the acme of enthusiasm.

Thirty seekers, and one hundred and thirty-six dollars is the record for the week-end.

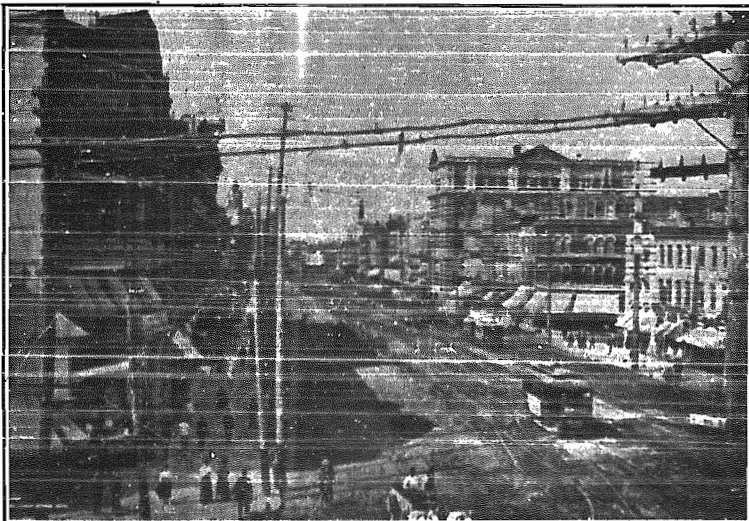
A. L. P.

train was an hour late when at last it steamed between the rocky environs of the station, and the breaking of a beautiful morning all around us. Inside the crowded car the sleepy occupants were just arousing from a night's bivouac on the seats, and the atmosphere is better imagined than described. But we forgot this and many things as at last the rolling expanse of prairie stretched alongside our track, and the metropolises of the North-West drew near.

The Silver-Mounted Smile of Brigadier Southall,

and the gold-rimmed radiance of Staff-Capt. Phillips' face, gave us welcome—and it was a real one.

White, majestic, and glistening in the noon sunshine, the citadel looked what it was—a credit to the Province, and an orna-



Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



Daily Food

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind."—Ps. cxlvi. 2.
SUNDAY. One of the saddest conditions of a human creature is to read God's Word with a veil upon the heart, to pass blindfolded through all the wondrous testimonies of redeeming love and grace which the Scriptures contain, and it is sad also, if not actually miserable, to pass blindfolded through the works of God, to live in a world of flowers, and stars, and sunsets, and a thousand glorious objects of nature, and never to have a passing interest awakened by any of them.—Dean Goulbourn.

"I go, sir, and went not."—Matt. xxi. 30. There are many who are inclined to obey God, but others incline him to keep in the fashion. He is like the parable which the French call "Bon Chretien," fully promising, but apt to become sleepy, and to not at the core. This sort of people is not of much use either in the Salvation Army or out of it.

"Open Thine mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."—Ps. cxix. 18. The dying prayer of William Tyndal, the martyr, uttered "with a fervent zeal and a loud voice," was this: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."
 "If His word once teach us, shoot a ray through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal truths undiscerned but by that holy light, then all is plain."—Cowan.

"In the time of his distress did he trespass yet more bold against the Lord."—11. Chron. xxvii. 28. We might illustrate the evil of sin by the following comparison: Suppose I were going along a street, and were to dash my hand through a large pane of glass, what harm would I receive? The reader would probably reply, "You would be punished for breaking the glass." Would that be all the harm I would receive? Your hand would be cut by the glass. Yes, and so it is with sin. If you break God's laws, you shall be punished for breaking them, and your soul is hurt by the very act of breaking them.—J. Ingles.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John xii. 21. In Christ **THURSDAY.** Jesus Himself there are hidden glories. Have you spiritual sight? Then behold angels and spiritual things. Better still, behold your Lord.
 A lady once said to Turner, who was painting: "Why do you put such extravagant colors into your pictures? I never see anything like them in nature." "Doesn't you wish, you did, madam?" said he. It was a sufficient answer. He saw them if she did not. So hallelujah, like the prophet, see many Divine wonders which worldlings cannot perceive.

"Redeeming the time."—Col. iv. 5. **FRIDAY.** A dying nobleman exclaimed, "Good God, how have I employed myself? What have I been doing while the sun is in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition? I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind. I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the birds of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived."

Sister or brother, can you truthfully say you are using your life to the utmost advantage?

"By whom also we have access by faith unto this grace **SATURDAY.** wherein we stand."—Rom. v. 2. That which we desire when we have it not we delight in when we obtain it. At least, this is the case in matters which are really worth desiring. Those who never pine for grace will never prize grace.

Character is made up of small deeds faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.

→ Evolution of the Salvation Army. ←

AUSTRALASIA.—(Continued.)

These remarkable advances have been maintained, so that the Salvation Army in the whole of Australasia to-day has indeed a unique position. Valuable aid has been given to the Government in times of distress and disaster, when the Army has been especially useful. With its thousands of officers and soldiers so thoroughly organized, the S. A. has been able to jump to the rescue at a moment's notice, so that at the present day those upon whom rests the heavy responsibilities of state have come to look upon the Army as a friend in the time of need, and no wonder it places into its hands the distributing of charity, the helping of the criminal and others

SOUL-SAVING.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

I have been asked by the Editor to say a little on the above topic, and seeing that, for years now, I have been engaged in this work, and have been, in a measure, successful, it will not be a difficult matter for me to give War Cry readers a little advice on the matter.

Our Calling.

Our business is to save men, to save them from hell and its torments, from sin, and make them into saviours of others. If we fail in this, then we come short of the great purpose for which God has raised us up.

The Salvationist who is not willing to learn the "art" of saving men has surely missed his calling. Certain qualifications are necessary in order to be successful, and to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." What are they? Let me mention one or two:

1.—Fixity of Purpose.

Gothie says, "The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain it." You must say to yourself, "At all costs, I will be a saviour of men." This must be the ruling passion of your life—it must consume every other desire, so that you can say, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." There will be a thousand things to switch you off this main track, but your mind must be concentrated on this one great purpose—the salvation of souls. Buxton says, "Concentration alone conquers."

2.—Love Them.

Paul said, "Love never faileth." We cannot win men except we love them—probably more souls are won by sympathy than by preaching. Weep over them. Have the spirit that Jeremiah had when he said, "O, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Look at the Master weeping over Jerusalem. Plead with them tenderly. Show them the realities of eternity. Bring them up before the Great White Throne. Then show them Jesus.

Jesus in the manger—no room in the stable.

Jesus in the carpenter's shop. Jesus healing the people and bidding us try their wounds.

Jesus in Gethsemane, dropping blood drops.

Jesus with thorns, nails, and open side on Calvary.

3.—Prayer.

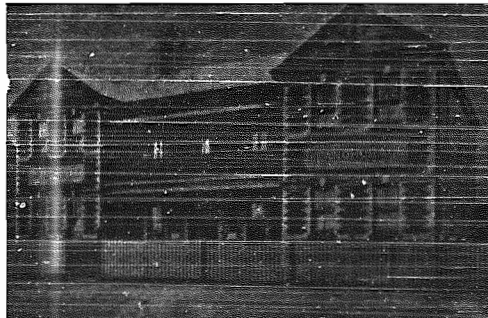
All mighty men of God have been men of prayer. Jesus told the disciples, when they could not cast the devil out, "This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting."

At Dunbar, in Scotland, Cromwell was riding at the head of his cavalry in the early morning, on his way to battle, when he heard a voice. He rode near to listen, and it was the voice of one of his own soldiers praying for victory. He said, "I met with so much of God in the prayer that I was satisfied that deliverance was at hand."

But while prayer is vital, yet you must not be on your knees when you ought to be after souls. Not only pray for sinners, but go and fetch them.

4.—Keep Red-Hot.

A lukewarm individual does not win souls. Keep your own soul red-hot. When the Holy Spirit was given to Pentecost, three thousand were converted. Apart from the assistance of the Spirit nothing permanent can be accomplished. How necessary then, to be "filled with the Spirit," and thus keep red-hot for service, and be made use of by God. "They that turn many to righteousness, all shine as the sun for ever."—You be one of them for ever.



Abbotsford, Aus.—One of the Finest Equipped Rescue Horses in the World.

when such work is to be done on a large scale.

We could fill two or three War Cry if we dwelt exhaustively on the spiritual and social side of the work in Australasia, but we will confine ourselves to the giving of a few of the most interesting particulars.

In dealing with the social side of the work, we would first mention what is being done in connection with the Women's Social branch in various ways.

The female population of Australasia, which, according to the latest returns, totals 2,101,509, is in need of true women leaders, who will voice the wrongs and wretchedness under which many thousands of their sex suffer a miserable existence. Figures are very unsatisfactory, as they only give an idea of numerical advancement, whereas the greatest progress in this work has been in its actual character and internal development. In 1895 there were Women's Homes, 16; accommodation, 232; No. of officers, 69; No. of beds supplied, 54,074; No. of meals supplied, 168,544.

The importance of the Army's Maternity work is manifest. The law can do nothing for these girls; they have broken it and must suffer the consequence. In many cases their self-inflicted misery is suffered in silence—they have separated themselves from their friends, and all who know them, feeling their disgrace and shame so acutely. They need pity, mercy, and practical love. It is interesting to note that eight per cent. of these six thousand women were housed in the Army's Maternity Homes in Australia during last year.

The free and independent lives of young Australian girls are such as to cause them to chafe at any incarceration and restraint. This spirit of liberty is very often the secret of their downfall and shame. If they are to be detached and influenced for good, it is certainly very important that the surroundings should be helpful to the object in view. The Homes are, therefore, made as cheerful as possible, and the very opposite to prisons.

(To be Continued.)

THE BLESSING OF EMPLOYMENT

In any great calamity, depending on already existing conditions, the most helpful as ever. Men working at the point of the needle, the stitching of a tenth part as much as those who stand gazing in the face of a bloody encounter on a square in horrible experience. The position of the line which must hold its ground without returning, fire of the enemy.

Imprisoned for Jesus.

In our Foreign News we have previously reported the arrest of Major Blanche Cox, and other Salvationists, while conducting open air meetings in Detroit. In passing we must say that the imprisonment of Salvationists while preaching the Gospel on the public highway certainly seems a departure from the spirit of liberty which our friends enjoy across the border.

The following particulars, taken from the New York War Cry, will give our readers more light upon the subject.

We are informed that sixty-seven Salvationists, under the leadership of Ensign Crawford, marched down Woodward Avenue, singing and praying, and stopped between Larned and Congress Streets to invite the crowd to follow to the Light Guard Armory, where a meeting to protest against the Campus ordinance was held. At the Armory 2,000 people were gathered to hear the speakers. As Major Blanche Cox, of Indianapolis, who had three times been found guilty of violating the ordinance, walked upon the platform, she was greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. Ensign Crawford rose and said:

"All who appreciate and believe in the position taken by Major Cox, please stand."

The entire audience rose with cheers. Adjutant Edith Yoder, after prayer and song, introduced the Major, whose remarks were frequently punctuated with applause. In part she said:

"I did not come here for the purpose of violating an ordinance, but to do my duty as a Salvation Army officer. Two months ago I had a conversation with the then commissioner of police. I stated my case, but could gain no satisfaction from him.

"The Salvation Army's cathedral is the open air. It is the church of the black sheep who never attend any other church, and any municipal body that closes the door of this cathedral takes upon itself a great responsibility.

"People will not follow us halfheartedly to our hall, said she. "People do not hunger for religion as they do for whiskey. I have never even stood on the campus—in front of the barracks. No property owner has ever made a complaint. No policeman has ever said we obstructed traffic. We only ask the same privilege enjoyed by the saloons, theatres, street-car people, etc."

"Monday afternoon, while I was in the county jail, I heard the sound of music; 'It was pleasant to hear. I looked out of my window, through the bars, and across the street. In front of a saloon was a band playing, four brass and one wind instrument. The performers moved on down the street in front of another saloon. The ordinance declares that no horn shall be blown within the circle. These bandmen were not molested, and when I saw the ordinance thus broken I thought of the New York's paper's familiar cartoon, entitled, 'Wouldn't it be you, etc.'"

James H. Pound, the Major's attorney, who carried her case to the Supreme Court, delivered a short address that provoked a storm of applause.

John H. Payrol declared that the Salvation Army had gained more friends during the past two months than it had during its entire previous career in Detroit. He urged that pressure be brought to bear on the Aldermen. "Bande play in front of the saloons," he said, "and they will not be molested, because here is where the Aldermen get the votes." He offered a long resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote, the same being almost unanimous.

Mrs. Fred E. Britten, President of the W.C.T.U., and others, addressed the meeting, which closed at 5:30 o'clock.

It is easy to deprecate—to understand is much better.

A spoonful of help is better than a dishful of advice.

WANTED!

Men and Women

Who are fully Saved from Sin,
Filled with the Holy Ghost,

With a Burning Passion

For the Salvation of the Lost,
Willing to Live and Fight

FOR SOULS,

To become Officers in the Salvation Army for

THE FIELD,
THE WOMEN'S
SOCIAL WORK,

AS TEACHERS FOR SAL-
VATION ARMY SCHOOLS
IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOW IS THE TIME!

Get Ready for the
September Sessions.

Send in your Application to the following Officers:

FOR FIELD WORK—

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Brigadier Pickering, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Major McMillan, Clarence Street, London, Ont.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Major Turner, 128 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Que.

EASTERN PROVINCE—To Brigadier Sharp, 74 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—To Brigadier Southall, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man.

PACIFIC PROVINCE—To Major Hargrave, Room 305, Fernwell Block, Spokane, Wash.

NEWFOUNDLAND—To Brigadier Smeeton, 20 Springdale Street, St. John's, Nfld.

FOR WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK—

To Lieut.-Col. Read, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS' APPOINTMENTS—

To Colonel Jacobs, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Twenty Years Behind Prison Bars.

Thinking of my past mis-spent life and the great love of God in saving a sinner like me, I thought I might encourage some reader of the War Cry (especially the poor drunkard) to accept God's offer of pardon and help through Jesus Christ, and receive power to overcome all sin. I have proved that Jesus does save to the uttermost.

My life has been such a terrible one, of sin and degradation, that

I Wonder God Did Not Consume Me with His wrath long ago, but, praise His name, He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should turn to Him and live. I have spent more than twenty years behind prison bars, through my crimes when drunk. I have repeatedly turned over a new leaf, and prayed for help to overcome the drink habit. I believed in Jesus Christ in the same way as I believed in George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, or any other historical character. For the last twelve years I have been struggling to be a good Christian man, for I realized that was my only hope in this world; but I failed, and was in an agony of mind most of the time. I attempted twice to

Take My Own Life,

but God, in His mercy, prevented me. Only those who are thorough drunkards, as I was, can understand how I suffered in trying to overcome my besetting sin. All my friends gave me up in despair. There seemed no hope for me.

I believe there are many men in the world like myself, who try to save themselves, and even go to prayer meetings, or church, but they are not saved from their sins. God's Holy Spirit revealed to me my true condition about a year ago. I was reading the Bible, and came across these words, "Ye must be born again" (John iii. 3). "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. vii. 21). Also Luke xiii. 3, Acts v. 32, and other passages were read, and like a dash I understood that I must sincerely repent of my past sins and take Christ as my personal Saviour. This I did, and

Received Pardon

and power to overcome all my sins. I now believe on Christ, trust Him, and try, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, to obey Him. Praise His holy name! All the devils in hell cannot shake me out of His hands. I have consecrated my life to the service of Christ, and where His Spirit leads I will follow.

We have meetings here, led by Staff-Capt. Archibald, three or four times a month. The Staff-Captain is loved by many and respected by all. He is at the prison every day, trying to help the boys, and only the Judgment Day will reveal the good work he is doing for the Master. I have every reason to say, "God bless the work of the Army."

NO POWER LIKE LOVE.

There is no such power in the universe as love. Nothing surpasses it, nothing can even equal it. We talk about the power of hate, and of evil, and of death; but love is far above any one of these, or all of them. We might as well say that we are superior to God, for God is love. God not only has love, but He is love; and, until God is overborne and destroyed, love will flourish, and its evidences will be seen. Love will be prominent in the universe, and its child, God, can share God's love, and then share the reflect God's power.

The one great purpose of creation—love, The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

One of the surest signs of immortality is the fact that we attain nothing here for which we have loved and striven, but that it presently crumbles and loses its substance. So all desire is simply a passing on and on from symbol to symbol, until we shall at length be satisfied by grasping the reality.

THE MEANING OF PRAYER.

Prayer is the sweet breath of the soul Upward unto God,
The half-way reaching of the goal,
By holy angels trod.

Prayer is an incense pure and white,
Upon faith's altars burned,
Where dimly is beheld the light,
For which the spirit yearns.

Prayer is the cry, the yearning cry,
Wringing from the heart of woe,
When hope's sweet blossoms fade and die,
And the streams of life are low.

Prayer is a soft and gentle wing,
Which lifts the soul from earth,
And gives it strength to soar and sing,
And breathe the heavenly birth.

Prayer is the folding of the life
Within the Love Divine,
Where through the darkening clouds
Of strife

Faith rears her golden shrine!
—Selected.

THE BLESSING OF MORNING PRAYER.

McCheyene felt deeply the need of early morning prayer. I "ought to pray before seeing anyone," he said once. "Often, when I sleep long, or meet others early, and then have family prayer and breakfast and forenoon callers, it is 11 o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day and went out into a solitary place. David says, 'Early will I seek Thee. Thou shalt early hear My voice.'"

TAKE TIME.

We shall never be sorry afterwards for thinking twice before we speak, for counting the cost before entering upon any new course, for sleeping over stings and injuries before saying or doing anything in answer, or for carefully considering any business scheme presented to us before putting money or name into it. It will save us from much regret, loss, and sorrow, always to remember to do nothing rashly.

THE COMMISSIONER IN THE WEST.

(By wire.)

The Commissioner's tour began most promisingly, in spite of the railway accident which fearfully delayed the trains. Missed connections for Grand Forks. Party, however, did meeting there, but as the latter could not reach Fargo in time, the Commissioner conducted meeting unexpectedly. People were delighted.

Commissioner and party at Opera House, Jamestown. The select audience keenly enjoyed "Miss Booth in Rage." Prominent citizens said they would not have missed the address for ten dollars. Officers and soldiers enthusiastic. Eleven seekers afternoon and night.

Reached Butte for Sunday. Expectations ran high and were surpassed. In the Auditorium for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The Commissioner Sunday afternoon spoke on "Song of the City." Exceedingly attentive audience filled the house; many in tears. Miss Booth was at her best and created an excellent impression. Auditorium packed at night and hundreds turned away. People most eagerly listened to Commissioner's address, "Past Mother's Grave." Influence indescribable; hearts touched; consciences smitten; profound convictions. Crowd sat breathless to the end. The biggest audience on record. Nine souls for Sunday. Open-air collections, and finances otherwise, excellent. Miss Booth fatigued but in fair health. Party all well and in good spirits. Full of hope for to-night. Major Hargrave with us, and delighted with the meetings.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

ENGLISH LARDER, Sydney, to Windsor, N.S.

ENGLISH S. McDONALD, Windsor, to furlough.

ENGLISH ALLEN, Woodstock, to Sydney, C.B. Corps.

ENGLISH ANDREWS, Halifax II., to Summerside Corps.

ENGLISH SMITH, Fenelon Falls, to Barrie Corps and District.

ENGLISH HANNA, Collingwood, to Dundas.

ENGLISH ROWAN, furlough, to Deseronto.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



One man, visited in his home by two of the men-Cadets, was very much convicted of his sin, and before they left they had the joy of pointing him to the Lamb of God.

Brigadier Horn gave an interesting lecture at the Home on "Finance." The blackboard lessons were especially instructive. Our Trade Secretary's genial manner has made him much loved by the Cadets.

Ensign Brehaut and the Women-Cadets visited Yorkville last Sunday for special meetings, and report good crowds, good interest, and good finances. Soldiers were in fighting form, and the spirit of freedom prevailed, and the Cadets made the most of their opportunities. The Ensign was well impressed with our Yorkville comrades. Everybody was delighted, and an invitation was extended for a return visit. Two souls knelt at the cross.

The Men-Cadets, with their officer, Capt. Trickey, conducted the meetings at No. 1. The comrades of this corps were promise with their welcome, and officers, Cadets, and soldiers, with united faith and effort, stemmed the force of darkness. God was with us, and we had a day of blessing and victory. Our Esther St. comrades said heartily, "Come again." Four souls came forward.

"Advance" is the watchword of our Training Homes, and it gives much encouragement to all concerned as we discern the real progress made day by day by the Cadets.—T.

256 houses were visited and 103 prayed in during one afternoon last week, also 140 saloons were visited on Saturday.

The Chief Secretary at London.

(By wire.)

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs enthusiastically received by the London troops. Meetings full of interest and power. Crowds increased at every meeting. Mrs. Jacobs' singing and addresses paved the way for the Colonel's powerful Bible readings. Eight souls for salvation. Many under deep conviction. More captives expected to-night. Prospects good for glorious campaign. Officers full of fire.—Major McMillan.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner had a most eventful journey between Chicago and Minneapolis. The train upon which the Commissioner was traveling ran into a freight train that was shunting on a siding which ran right across the track. The car reared on end, but happily the Commissioner and party escaped unhurt, except that they received a severe shaking.

Staff-Capt. Creighton has left the city to conduct the funeral service of Sister Mrs. Henson, who went to heaven from Faversham, on April 1. Our prayers are with the bereaved.

The S. A. Social Fair is still forging ahead. I saw Staff-Capt. McGill the other day, and his face was beaming with smiles all over. He is one of the right sort—a proper, happy, go-ahead Salvationist. Capt. Plant, of Forest, has been appointed to assist at the Fair, while Captain Jordison leaves the same for an appointment in West Ontario.

Adjt. and Mrs. McGill have been compelled to go on furlough, through the continued ill health of Mrs. McGill. We trust that the change will have the desired effect.

We are glad to receive word from Ensign Dodge, who is resting near Lew Austin, Cal., that he is feeling much better in health. Pray for the Ensign. He has been very ill indeed—in fact, very near the borderland.

It did our hearts good to see Treas. Lang standing at the door of his home as we marched by with a crowd of Salvationists, on Sunday last. The doctors look upon his speedy recovery as very extraordinary.

Self-Denial is beginning to be a live topic, and if we can judge anything by the enthusiasm already displayed, Canada will have a sweeping victory.

Adjt. Perry's face, shone with a smile of victory as he called in to see us one other day. His last tour was a brilliant success. He is now busy with a new service he is getting together for the summer months.

The General Secretary informs us that the new "mercantile" boxes for the G.B.M. have been taken immensely; in fact, they are all out, and another supply must be ordered.

The Siege Returns, though not complete, already give evidence of splendid results. In a later issue we hope to give detailed particulars.

The following, appearing in the Canadian, will make glad the hearts of the Training Office officers: "Furnishing of Quarters.—As usual, there are a few late people who have not sent in their inventories. Hurry up! We want to get the grants all out, so as to get a proper renovation made."

Men Cadets at No. 1.

(Special.)

Good crowds were present on Sunday when Capt. Trickey and the Cadets of the No. 1 Wing of the Territorial Training Home, visited the Esther St. Corps. Finances were well increased, and four souls sought salvation.—T.

Women Cadets at Yorkville.

(Special.)

Everyone was well pleased with the special services held at the Yorkville Corps by Ensign Brehaut and the Cadets of the women's side of the Territorial Training Home, and a precious invitation was extended for a return visit. Two came forward crying for mercy.—T.



PRINTED at Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Booth, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Alder Street, Toronto.

All communications relative to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in this paper, or insertion therein, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, Toronto, Ont. All communications on matters relating to subscription, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, Toronto, Ont. All communications on matters relating to subscription, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, Toronto, Ont. All communications on matters relating to subscription, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE WAR CRY, Toronto, Ont.

General Order.

RE JUNIOR SOLDIERS' ANNUAL.

The dates for the above are Sunday and Monday, May 4 and 5. In every corps the regulations regarding the same must be faithfully carried out.

(1) The Juniors will take the platform on Sunday afternoon, May 4, when the quarterly review will take place.

(2) Monday, May 5, a Juniors' Demonstration is to be arranged in the Senior barracks.

(3) One-third of the total proceeds of these meetings will be passed over to the J. S. fund for the purchase of prizes, etc.

P. O.'s and D. O.'s are responsible for seeing the foregoing directions carried out.

(Signed) Evangeline C. Booth, Commissioner.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Gamble, North-West, to be Captain.

Lieut. G. Walter Peacock, Territorial Headquarters, to be Captain.

Lieut. J. Bone, Central Ontario, to be Captain.

Cadet Minnie Miller, Grand Forks, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Leigh Hunt, Special Work, North-West, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Albert Gardiner, Neepawa, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Martha Fleming, Grafton, N. D., to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Thile Forsberg, Winnipeg, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Appointments—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER, Guelph, to Brantford Corps.

ADJT. CAMERON, Brantford, to Guelph Corps and District.

ADJT. CAYE, Darre, to Platon Corps and Belleville District.

ADJT. BURROWS, Barrie, Ont., to Lippincott Corps.

ADJT. BALD, Lindsay, to Ligar St. Corps.

ADJT. GOODWIN, Lippincott, to London Corps.

ADJT. SIMS, Ligar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

ADJT. G. MILLER, furlough, to Property Department, Territorial Headquarters.

ADJT. THIBBET, Chancellors Newfoundland Province, to be Provincial J. S. Secretary, Eastern Province.

ADJT. McGILLIVRAY, London, to be Chancery, Newfoundland Province.

ENGLISH CRAWFORD, St. Thomas, to Windham Corps.

ENGLISH HELLMAN, Petrolia, to Goderich.

ENGLISH HALEY, Simcoe, to St. Thomas Corps.

ENGLISH PUGH, Platon, to Tweed.

ENGLISH BRADBURY, Prescott, to Napanee Corps.

ENGLISH BOWERLING, Parrashore, to Woodstock, N.B.



Wanted—Candidates!

The demand for consecrated flesh and blood, sanctified brains and emotions, sacrificing energies and holy ambitions, will always be the greatest need of the Salvation Army, for it is the very essence of its existence. With the inauguration of the new central training system, we can afford a more thorough and systematic equipping of our Candidates, and the better results can already be observed in the Cadets now in training. We shall, however, not become stationary, but continue to improve in our training system, as well as in all other branches of the work.

We want to point out, however, to intending Candidates that now is the time to apply for officership in the Army, as it will necessarily take some time before the required forms and preliminary papers can all be obtained and completed. The next session will begin September 1st, and four months is not too long a time to prepare for entering the Training Home with the beginning of the next session.

As there appears to be some doubt abroad as to whom Candidates should apply to, we call their attention to the displayed call for Candidates on another page, which gives the various addresses, according to the part of the Territory in which the Candidate resides, and according to the particular branch of work he wishes to enter.

We confidently believe that the exceptional record of soul-saving during the winter will produce an increase of applications for officership.

While in the West, the Commissioner intends visiting our corps in northwest British Columbia, going as far north as Skegway.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.



THE world decides to-day what it shall have and be on the morrow. The nation's greatest men and means are not engaged in accomplishing the triumphs of the moment, but in tutoring conquerors for far higher honors than they themselves can carry; as the gardener's best skill is not concentrated upon the matured blossom, but is given to the nurture of the feeble seedling, promising to beautify a coming summer. So it is the world through.

What makes the brave admiral content to leave the fleet in other hands to stay all the time in the training ship at home? What makes the heroic general deny himself the glory of the front to treat of the ethics of the campaign in the military school? What makes the great musician take time from his momentous composition and rapt recital to drudge over the rudiments of his art with unskilled fingers? What makes the world-famed sculptor lay down his own chisel and superintend the ungainly hewing of a clumsy pupil? What makes the eloquent divine, whose words sway the soul of multitudes, and whose writings rock the convictions of a whole community fling the whole force of his genius before a room-full of raw students and an army of note-books and pencils? Why, on the stage of time, should so many of the best and ablest be engrossed in these curtailed toils? Just because, on some near to-morrow, when their last act is performed, the play must pass into other hands, and to fit such is their work. Curtained now may seem their labors, but within the arena of the future, there line up the naval, military, musical, social, political and religious forces whose nucleus they nurture to-day.

It is in the clatter of the little feet which procession in and out of our numerous schools we hear the tramp of the coming worlds. It is in the ring of voices in park and street we catch the declarations of the rights or wrongs of future nations. In the heated shouts of the play-ground, over won or defeated game, we detect the hurrahs of the armies for God, or the hisses of the armies against Him. In the rows of little faces behind amateur desks we see the occupants of our future homes, or the terrible spectacles of woe and sin peering through prison grating. And long years back the Salvation Army has recognized this, and with its philanthropic, redeeming agencies pulsating through every land, it has not been behind in spending its brightest and best to get in readiness reinforcements to fall into line when we wear the white robes instead of the blue, and have replaced the cap with the crown.

WE MUST HAVE THE CHILDREN FOR GOD.

It is from the arsenals of the play-ground, the school-room, and the nursery, we can only hope to replenish our resources and march out armies of desperadoes to contend for God and truth, when we ourselves are marshalled above. Napoleon said, "Give me the children and I will conquer the world." I say there is no village, town, city, or country so dark in sin but what if I could have its children I could win it for Jesus. Oh! have we ever been guilty of thinking that it was only a child—of not much account? That it was a condescension, and perhaps a useless one, to try and do anything for it? Wrapped in the clay of that child's body there burns a spark of immortality which all the hurricanes of a last day cannot blow out. A child is a little casket of infinite possibilities for light or darkness.

While it is often argued that children's work is the most difficult and intricate that can be undertaken, yet we must not lose sight of the many mighty advantages which attend all effort put forth for the salvation of the young—advantages which are peculiar to them, which are inevitably absent in our toil among those of older years.

First—You can be beforehand with the devil, and it is an immeasurable advantage to be first on the field. Before the fascination of worldliness has stolen the affection, you can point to the attraction of a life lived in the enthusiasm of the Cross. Before selfish greed has fastened its claim, you can teach the charm of sacrificing and living for another. Before that sweet influence so peculiar to childhood is perverted by wickedness and deceit, you can direct its power for righteousness and truth.

A child's ignorance of real guilt and sin offers a thousand facilities for increasing their knowledge of God, and if by building bulwarks of warning about them we can keep them from the knowledge of evil, then we lift a fortress for their soul's protection stronger than the united armies of the whole world could raise, and which through the battles of their after life, when the matured spirit must meet upon life's open field the various foes of righteousness, will prove their greatest benediction.

Second—They are easily influenced. Like the vine, with its tender tendrils, ready and waiting to be nailed to any wall; and the lemons which can be led down any road. With the adult there are the questions of the mind to be answered; there are the old habits of thirty or forty years to be shaken off; there are a multitude of former connections to be broken. It takes a very cyclone of convicting truth to break the hardened heart, while the dropping of one gentle appeal will bring a child to contrition.

Some argue that because of this susceptibility of children, their impulses and resolutions for good are not to be relied upon, or even encouraged. This is as cruel as it is ridiculous. Because the plant is the easier directed in its earlier awakenings, is it advantageous to leave it to grow in distortion until to correct its misshapen form you must break the stem? I say, if there is a season in the soul's history when it is the more easily influenced for good, and that period is childhood, then every Christian heart and hand should be outstretched to influence the children for God, so that the little feet may be led into the paths of righteousness, and so prevent their "easy influencing days" being used by the devil to drive them into the rear of the throng which crowds the broad road.

Third—First impressions are the most lasting. This is especially so when those influences are for good. The mind, in its wonderful ability to keep through time and space with as great ease and rapidity as the eye can blink, is continually carrying us back to the days of childhood, stirring up memories which give us to realize that the early impressions have never been driven from our soul. We may have wandered from them, we may have lost their track, we may have abused their blessings, but they remain with us, and all the rough usage the heart may have gone through in its intervening travels has never been able to entirely deafen its ear to the home calls of those first impressions for God and goodness. They are like the carrier pigeons—no matter how far off they have been driven, they will come home. We find them twenty years after pecking at the gate of our soul. So it is with the nursery and Sunday school days; no child can be taught to pray, love its Bible, fear its God, but what, although we may not see the immediate results, those lumps will cast their light o'er all the shadows which may follow, and make the strongest claims upon that soul for Heaven. But in the case of tens of thousands these impressions are the most lasting in the sense that they remain in all their saving force to hold the soul to God and goodness, as the wheel holds the pausing vessel to its course across a trackless sea.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury repeatedly announced on great public occasions that he owed all his goodness and greatness, under God, to a poor servant girl who led him to Jesus when but a child.

John McNeil—the Spurgeon of Scotland—one of the greatest living evangelists, was saved when but a boy of fourteen, at one of our Army penitential forms.

Amongst the officers of my own Headquarters Staff there are no less than twenty-three who were converted under sixteen years of age.

I, myself, when only a little girl of seven, was led to Him who so graciously said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then there is our own beloved and precious General. In his early teens he gave himself "a living sacrifice" to spend and be spent for the salvation of the masses, and who can say until "the morning breaks" what has been the full accomplishment of that one consecrated life, which has made its impress upon the world?

(Continued on page 12.)

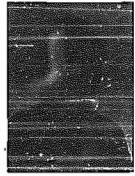


THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 10.

Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray. Farewell from London.

Changes and new moves in the various branches are the present general characteristics. The present general



change of Staff Officers has brought orders to Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray, and on Sunday, April 6th, they farewelled from the London corps, where they have labored successfully for the past year.

Expressions of regret at their departure were heard on all sides. On Sunday night a large crowd assembled in the clifed, and a number of Local Officers spoke, expressing their appreciation of Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray's labors amongst them, and their regret at their departure. Amongst those who spoke was Bandmaster Pops, who referred to the constant interest the Adjutant had taken in the band, playing an instrument when possible, and helping them in every way. This, he said had been deeply appreciated by himself and the rest of the band. Sergt. Major Andrews also spoke. I am not sure whether he is partial to Scotch people or not, at any rate he spoke very highly of the Adjutant and his wife. He said they were amongst the best officers London had ever had, and we have had not a few of Canada's best leaders.

A good work has been wrought during their sojourn amongst us. Their special financial efforts have been successful, souls have been won to Christ, and backsliders reclaimed.

Mrs. McGillivray deserves a special word of commendation for the valuable assistance she has rendered the Adjutant. She has been a regular War Cry boomer, her sales reaching to the hundreds almost weekly; she has taken an active interest in the Junior work, also given practical assistance in the special efforts, besides ministering to the multitudinous needs of her little family. The Adjutant has an able helpmeet in his dear wife.

We understand a change of work has been arranged for our comrades, and they are being sent as Chancellors to Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, in Newfoundland. We tender them our heartiest congratulations upon this mark of the Commissioner's confidence. May God prosper them in their new field of labor.

While we are losing able leaders in Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray, London is again being honored by the appointment of Adj. Alice Goodwin. The writer has had the privilege of serving under the Adjutant before, and holds her appointment with delight. We assure her of a hearty welcome from the London corps and people.

Major McMillan, our Provincial Officer, is holding officers' councils in London from April 12th to the 16th. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs will conduct special meetings on Sunday and Monday, assisted by the Provincial Staff and District Officers of the Province. We are looking for mighty times of blessing, of which we shall report later.—Amo Dies.

Musical Festival at Charlottetown

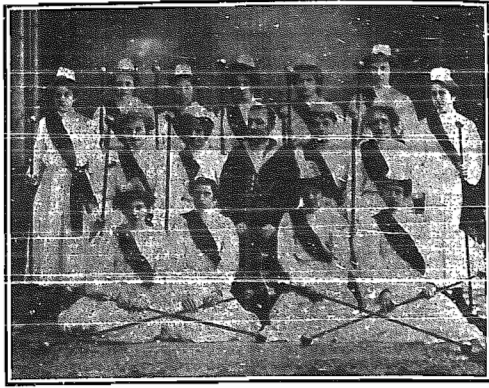
We have just had our annual musical festival, which was held in clear of the winter's coal bill, and has proved to be a pronounced success. The first part consisted of a life-boat service, in which a large boat, with a full crew, was packed with Salvation Bluejackets, in uniform, who went through the service representing the voyage of life, with appropriate recitations and quotations from Bible and experience; while solos, duets, quartets, and choruses made a very pleasing and impressive program. When this was finished, and the boat removed, the little tots, seven in number, went through their dumb-bell drills to the satisfaction of all. The dumb-bells had been improved by bells being inserted, so that with every movement there was a jingle-jingle accompaniment. Prof. Hawley's bar-bell girls, sixteen in number, then took their place and began a series of drills and marches that fairly dazzled and captivated the audience. I don't want to be boastful, but really don't know another corps in Canada that could anywhere near come up to this display. These marches, for precision and intricate movements, could hardly be excelled. It has meant a lot of hard work for Prof. Hawley, but his ingenuity and labor was entirely crowned with success. The barracks was gorgeous, and the finances amounted to fifty-nine dollars, while everyone left in ecstasy.

The Lord is still manifesting His power to save in our midst, and we are praying and believing that many of those young people who never miss a meeting will step over the line before long. We're trying to make it both interesting and hot for all. Right have sought Christ since last report.—Notheira.

Harmonic Revivalists.

Mrs. Kendall and myself received our orders some weeks ago to the special soul-saving work in the E.O.P. We have felt, and do feel, the responsibility of such a commission, but we believe the great agency of success in this work is the Holy Ghost. Soul-saving has been our joy and crown for some years, today it is our greatest delight. We are willingly and joyfully taking hold of this work. We are Salvationists. We have no broken vows to God or the Army. If it were so we would have no spiritual grip, nor power with God or man. Oh, may God help us to keep clear in our souls, settled and devoted. On these lines we will be with us, and we shall win.

We have been at the first appoint-



Prof. Hawley's Drill Class, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ment, Arrprior, and a nice little place it is. Capt. Liddell and Lieut. Bryan are stationed here. They had our meetings well announced. The few soldiers turned out well every night. Two or three of them, who came from a long distance, stood right by us. The crowds were good, and we had four souls out for salvation. We should have had two weeks in this place. The collections were splendid. We were all billeted at the quarters, friends supplying the food. They were more than kind, and the officers put forth every effort to make us comfortable. May God bless the officers, soldiers, and friends of Arrprior, and may He revive the work in this place, and save many souls.—H. C. Kendall.

Eastern Harvesters.

Well, sir, we got a-bord that train what I told you was common. She was over four hours late in starten, but I tell you there was no grass greed under her feet between Moncton and Campbellton. We was sorry that we did not arrive in time for meeten, but Captain Leadley and Cadet Cavender went right on with it. Bro. Cooper met us at the train, and kindly showed us where the Army bidden was.

We all felt that we were going to get a warm welcome from the Campbellton people, and when we seen the cheerfulness, and felt the firm grip of the officers' and soldiers' hands, we thought, "Here are people that will stand by us till the last gun fire." The officers deserve much praise for the way they worked to make the meetens a success, and God did reward them.

The thirteen days are over, and although we have seen some wonderful manifestations of God's power in other places, we feel this is the best yet.

Forty-Four Souls for Salvation,

twenty-five of whom were never saved before. The Army barracks, though quite large, was too small to hold the crowds, so the Captain hired the I.O. O.F. Hall, which is the largest public hall in the town. This also was too small to seat the crowds. 2,699 were present at our meetings. The soldiers rallied up well to the open-air, there being 269 present. We feel like saying as we leave the Campbellton comrades, that we are better for haven met them, for here we have seen faithfulness in the truest sense. The converts did nobly, every one of them returned to give God the glory.

Remarkable Conversions.

Two officers who left the work some years ago, and lost their experience, returned to their Father's house. He abundantly pardoned them, and we believe they will live for Him in the future.

Two brothers, leavened butchers of the town, sought and found Jesus. A barber, who is brother of the butchers, sought and found Christ. He declared that he would set sellen to bacco at once.

Another man was converted some years ago, but grew cold in his soul and started to drink, often being led

from the bar-room by his wife. He attended some of the meetens, was faithfully dealt with, but left the last meeten without yielding, though under deep conviction. However, after walk en up and down the sidewalk for some time he returned to the hall, and rushed straight up the aisle, thrown himself at the pentent form, where he found a pardoned God.

A young man who had gone deep into drink, and almost every kind of sin, came from the back of the hall, and knelt at the cross. Grasping me by the arm, he cried, as if in a struggle between life and death,

"Oh, Pray for Me, Quick!"

God came to his help and delivered him from his sins. After obtaining the witness he went down, threw his arm around his chum, and helped persuade him to come at once to Jesus.

An old man, who had been a backslider for fourteen years, never attended a religious service of any kind in that time, came to our meetens, and as we were singing, "I will follow the Lamb," he jumped to his feet, and, with his hand raised, said, "I will follow Him," women right out to the mercy-seat.

There were many other wonderful cases of conversion. God has shown Himself strong on our behalf.

Adj. Byers, the D. O. was present, having charge of the Monday and Tuesday night meetens. His talk was a blessing to us all. Ten soldiers were enrolled, and twenty-four souls sought Christ in the two nights. We believe there is a great future for the Campbellton corps.

We now leave Campbellton for Moncton, en route to Halifax councils, feeling thankful to God for our visit to this corps. The friends greatly assisted us by given us liberality of their money.

The soldiers bravely stood by us and the officers worked nobly. We do pray that those who have started will go right through, and that many others may be converted.—Farmer Tom.

Eight Seek Forgiveness.

Wesleyville.—Some time ago we were favored with a visit from our worthy D. O., Euzijn Sparks. The meetings was a real Salvation Army free-for-all. There was a commissioning and enrolment of soldiers. Six comrades enlisted to fight beneath the yellow, red, and blue. The meeting ended up with a red-hot prayer meeting, and two souls sought forgiveness of sin. The comrades are now away to the ice-fields, and although we have only a few soldiers left, God is with us. Last Saturday night four souls knelt at the cross, and on Wednesday two came to God.—J. Oshford, Lieut.

A Poor Drink Slave.

Waa-com.—God is with us in mighty power. One poor drunkard gave his heart to God last Saturday night. Hallelujah. Conviction is stamped on many faces, and our faith runs high for a break in the devil's ranks soon. Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn have been conducting meetings around the District during the past week. We missed them very much, and are glad they are home again.—Capt. Johnstone.

East Ontario Harmonic Revivalists.



Capt. R. Crego, Cand. Allan.

Mrs. Kendall.

Adj. Kendall.



Another Fishing Voyage.

Burin.—On Saturday we had a children's jubilee. We also had good meetings on Sunday, with a great force well at night. Our comrades are leaving on another fishing voyage. One soul came over on the Lord's side. We held a banquet recently, and raised \$30. We are purchasing a new drum, paying off old ones, and leaving dirt, debt, and the devil behind.—Sergt. Major.

A New Barracks.

Calgary.—God is blessing us in our Senior and Junior meetings. We had an enrolment of soldiers when Brigadier Southall was here. We are going to build a new Army hall, and are believing for better times than we have ever had before. May God bless us more and more.—Mary Barker, Junior Soldier.

A Personal Friend.

Campbellford.—Good meetings all last Sunday. At 4 o'clock Capt. and Mrs. Brimmon conducted the funeral service of a dear little one, who has gone to be with Jesus. We are praying that through the loss of the little one the parents may find Jesus as their personal Friend. God bless them.—A Soldier.

He is Able to Save.

Chatham.—On Sunday morning, at knee-drill, one wanderer returned home. On Wednesday night we had a visit from our D. O., Adjt. Byers, which was a time of cheer and blessing. Six held up their hands to be prayed for, and two came and proved that the Lord's hand is not shortened that He cannot save. These are only the droppings. We are praying for the showers.—Rosa Harding, Sergt. Major.

Seventeen in One Week.

Clark's Beach.—A wave of conviction has swept over this place, and seventeen souls have sought and found pardon during the week. The soldiers are all on fire, and know how to work. The Christians are giving us their prayers and some have claimed the blessing of holiness. One brother found the pipe and tobacco kept him from claiming the blessing, and he says, "I chopped it up with the hatchet." Since then he has been trying to lead others into the same liberty, and God has blessed his efforts. The War Cry sells like hot buns. Our crowds are increasing so that our barracks needs enlargement. The people here are a warm-hearted lot.—L. Shepard, Capt.

Twenty-Three This Year.

Comfort Cove.—We have felt much of the presence of God during the past week. Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Although it was stormy, nineteen met for knee-drill, and we had a blessed time. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, and at night we finished up with one soul in the fountain. Since the New Year four hundred souls have sought Christ.—B. B. Leut.

The Small-Pox.

Dillon.—The small-pox broke out just as the Siege came on, which hindered us in our visiting and other work, but we have done our best. On Feb. 25th, we enrolled three soldiers.—J. S. Tippet, Capt.

Eight Seekers—Eight Enrolled.

Fargo.—The Siege proved a great blessing to six sought salvation and two came for holiness, and we had the pleasure of seeing eight take their stand for God under the flag on Good Friday. Some of them, we believe, will soon be officers.—M. H. S., Sergt. Major.

Salvationists Sixteen Years.

Gait.—We have been enabled during the past week to wage a good warfare against the power of darkness, and three souls have professed salvation. Our ranks have been reinforced by Bro. and Sister Bishop, of Tunbridge Wells corps, Eng. They are Salvationists of sixteen years' standing, and we believe God will make them a great blessing to Gait corps.—Capt. and Mrs. Burton.

One Backslider—One Sinner—Four Soldiers.

Grand Forks.—Dear old Ned, here's sunthin fer yer heart: One backslider home, one sinner for salvation, and four soldiers enrolled to-night. Meetings good, crowds large, collections fair. Commissioner'll be here with the "Red Knights" the 8th. We are havin the First Baptist Church for the occasion, and are all prayin for a grand salvation meeting. God give us souls.—Buckskin Brady.

Home Once More.

Great Falls.—Our Adjutant having returned from her home in Ontario, the enrolment of five recruits took place in Good Friday. The enrolment

on their way to the Halifax Council, which we much appreciated. Adjt. Byers made a stirring speech on Sunday night, and when the meeting was put to the test it was proved that all of the one hundred and twenty unsaved present were convicted of sin.—Louis the Norwegian.

"Will the Angels Come?"

Musgravetown.—During the past week six have escaped from the enemy's ranks. The people are very much convicted. On Sunday night one sinner fell on her knees, when she was sitting in the audience, and asked God to save her. Backsliders are coming home. Our house-to-house visitation is a blessing. We visited a man who is very sick, and is anxious about his soul. While the Lieutenant sang, "Say, will the angels come and to Jesus carry me home?" tears flowed from the sufferer's eyes. He desires our prayers. Our soldiers are real workers. God bless them.—R. Baggs, Capt.

Dodging the Army Fifteen Years.

North Sydney.—An old gentleman from Newfoundland a short time ago came to the footstool of mercy and

deduced by the Major, and altogether we had a good and profitable time, both spiritually and financially. One soul volunteered to serve God. Everybody was highly delighted with the meeting.—G. A. Mly.

Farewell.

Prescott.—The Ensign has farewelled, and the Sergt.-Major is leading on until the new officers arrive. The soldiers are standing by him, and God is helping us all. Our meetings are well attended.—Mrs. Utman.

Another Brave Soldier.

Prince Albert.—Though every effort is being put forth during this special season to encourage the poor sinners to seek Christ, they seem very indifferent, but we are trusting God to give us the victory. Bro. Shea was enrolled under the flag last week by Capt. Myers.—Hallelujah Frenchman.

Two Souls.

Rat Portage.—We had two souls during the Siege, and there are numbers under conviction whom we believe will yield soon.—Ensign Minnie Collett.

Seven Captured.

Seal Cove.—The Spirit of the Lord has been working in our midst. Seven souls have been captured from the ranks of the enemy, and many others are under deep conviction. The soldiers are all on fire for God and souls.—Mary Loveless.

Five Souls.

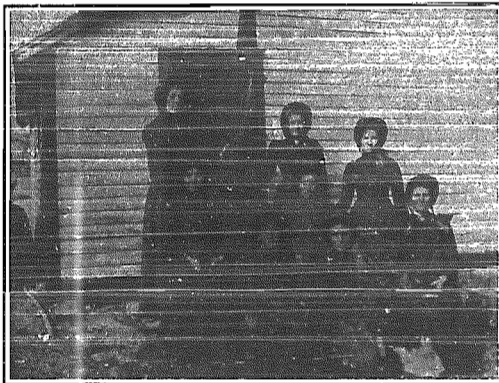
Souris.—God has given us wonderful times. Five souls during the Siege. We had a musical festival on Monday night, which was enjoyed by all. Ensign Mrs. Wynn and Lieut. Papstein, from Brandon, were with us. Captain Gamble and Lieut. Hunt are noted for their musical talents and singing. The program was good, consisting of solos, duets, and instrumental music. Hatfield Wynn's solo and three songs illustrated by stereopticon were especially appreciated. We are believing for a great revival.—Cadet J. Plester.

Twenty Years Outside.

Spokane. On Good Friday we had an enrolment of recruits, six volunteered to serve God under the flag. At the close of the meeting two dear brothers came forward and sought God's pardon. One of these told us that he had not entered a place of worship for twenty years, but coming to our barracks last Wednesday night God showed him his need of pardon, and he said he had no rest until he came and asked God's pardon. He has since taken his stand for God. Adjt. Dodd, of the Haven, is finding him work. On Easter Sunday, at knee-drill, a backslider came forward and sought God's pardon. He also had the joy of witnessing four sisters seeking Christ at the close of our evening service. Hallelujah! Our five hundred Easter War Cry went like hot cakes, and a copy left. No God be all the glory.—Joe Logan, R.C.

Four Sought Christ.

Springhill.—During the past week God has been wonderfully blessing us. We had a visit from Ensign Mrs. Payne, who has charge of the Halifax Rescue Home. She was with us for Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Her talk on the Rescue work was very much appreciated by all. On Wednesday night she spoke of sin and its consequences, taking for her text, "Be sure your sins will find you out." The dear people of Springhill came to Mrs. Payne's help, and many of them promised to help the work in the future by subscribing to the funds. Four souls sought salvation this week. Our income is real good. We give our Father in heaven all the praise for the good things He is giving us.—Geo. Cooper, Ensign.



J. S. Locals of Hant's Harbor Corps, Nfld.

was conducted by our much-loved leader, and the good news of the good news and people of Great Falls are glad to have back again. As she read the Articles of War the people seemed much impressed, and many are convinced that it was a noble and brave thing to fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army. We believe the Adjutant's address, which followed, sank deep into the hearts of many. The soldiers are all on fire for Christ, and we are believing we shall see souls plunging in the fountain soon.—The Howler.

God Honored—Our Faith.

Greenspond.—On Sunday we had good meetings. God honored our faith by giving us one soul. We are not going to give in until we see Greenspond brought to God.—L. A. Clamoun, Capt.

The Platform is Crowded.

Moncton.—This corps is making rapid progress. The platform is crowded, many soldiers having to sit in the audience for want of room. Souls are seeking salvation in nearly every public meeting. Last week we sought the Saviour. The Brangelins Quartet gave us two special meetings

got beautifully saved. He tells us he was saved at one time, but had backslidden, and for the last fifteen years he has been dodging the Army in Newfoundland. When he came to this town he popped into the meeting one of the first to get what the Cape Breton Army was like. As soon as the Captain saw him he went for him, and after considerable praying, wrestling, pleading, and an extra lot of faith, he knelt at the feet of Jesus. He is now a new man altogether, a real blood-and-fire soldier. On Sunday he was enrolled. A sinner was saved on Saturday, and a backslider reclaimed on Sunday.—Troom.

A Volunteer.

Perth.—We have had a very special meeting led by Major Turner and our new District Officer, Ensign Bloss. The Major sang a French solo, which delighted the crowd. He also did justice to his subject, which was "Conflict, Victory, and Reward." The Ensign soloed and gave us a short talk, referring to Perth as his training school, he having spent his Cadet days here. Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Folley, who are at present resting here, added to the interest of the meeting. Capt. Bloss and Lieut. Gralinger were intro-

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 9.)

THEN, AGAIN, WHAT IS THERE MORE PRECIOUS THAN A CHILD?

They are the instrumentalists upon our hearts' finest strings, and draw from them all the majors and minors of life. It is their little fingers which weave the spirit's garlands, or work its shroud. It is into their little lives is poured earth's strongest of all loves—a mother's love. A whole world gives, unconditionally, its compassion and affection to the children—no one asks, "Are they worthy?" as with adults. If any calamity strikes a city, every strong heart, both bad and good, kind and unkind, cries, "Spare the children." They are the caskets of the fondest hopes, the highest ambitions, the strongest love, the richest blessing, the most passionate prayer that ever earth records or heaven recognizes. Who can estimate the wealth or worth cased in a little child? In the case of thousands the little soul starts out on the measureless tracks of an endless way with a whole army of forces behind it that can never die—the birth consecration, the cradle prayers, the mother's love. But is there any line by which we can fathom the depths of the ocean of God's love for them? We read how by personal word He healed the outstretched withered hand; how by the touch of His sacred finger, He made the blind to see; how He permitted the penitent sinner to drop her tears upon His feet, and with her long black tresses to dry them; how He sat down and ate with the despised and hated tax-gatherer—but the children, He gathered them into His arms, and nestled their heads upon His bosom, while He sealed all childhood sacred when His hands He laid on their heads.

THEY ARE SO HELPLESS.

And what should be more appealing to all that is best and strongest in us than the defencelessness of another? They have no voice to choose their lot; no power to resist the influences brought to bear upon them; no strength of heart or will to stand against the stream down which circumstance drift them. They cannot find within their own resources the ability and decision which life demands. They cannot straighten out the crooked turns, or smooth the roughened places, or light their own lamp to guide them amid the many pitfalls laid for their young feet. Those which are not blessed at birth with a cradle with a prayer in it, or since birth with a home with a God in it, stand helpless amidst the tides of life's prevailing evil, and it is for us to press in between them and their adverse surroundings, as heavenly guides. We must not leave them alone to struggle with the early convictions of an awakening conscience. We must not leave them alone to define the rights and wrongs of the heart's many questions. We must not leave them alone to hunt out how real, and good, and near God is. We must not leave them alone to wash from their little souls the heavy pollutions cast on them by godless and wicked parents, for they cannot do it. The fight is too hard, the night is too dark, the waters are too tempest-beaten. They can but go under, for they are helpless.

Do you know a child whom you consider is a very wicked child? I say, throw a thousand excuses around his or her errands, for, if you hunt deep enough, you will find that a very whirlpool of currents have beaten

against that little soul, and work for its salvation with all the patience and love the Saviour asked Peter was he sure he had before He commanded him to see after the lambs.

You could scarcely call it a house—a truer name would be hut, or shed. It was of earth color, and entirely void of any uniformity of structure. There was a door in the middle, fastened by a latch which lifted or fell, according to the adjustment of a dirty piece of string which hung on the inside. There being no accounting for taste, one can never be sure what knowledge of good manners there may be hidden in the shabbiest abode, and so I thought I had better knock, and give the wooden door a gentle tap. The dirty piece of string evidently performed its accustomed duty, for the door flew open. "Step in, ma'am," said the gentle voice of the small figure before me. Such a fair little face, such a wan, feeble form, such bony little hands; the only big things about this little seven-year-old girl were the large violet eyes peering through the uncumbered ringlets framing the pinched features. "Step in," she repeated, "step in, ma'am." And I did step in—right in, not only into the filthy, totally unfurnished room, but right into the dense darkness of the circumstances which cast their damning doom upon the helpless little soul before me. Stretched upon a crude floor lay a woman drunk. "She is my mother," said the child, volunteering the information. "Father did not come home last night. A boy in the street said he was taken to the lock-up for striking a policeman. Mother is drunk just now. She is nearly always drunk. When I see her wake up I shall run away, 'cos I am very frightened of mother when she's drunk. Sometimes she knocks me down." "Have you any brothers or sisters?" I asked. "No," was the quick reply. "I had one little sister once; she was a baby one; mother let her drop when she was drunk one day, and the doctor said it did something to her head that made her die. I was awfully sorry, 'cos I used to like to play with her and carry her about, and I am sure she liked me more better than mother, 'cos she held to my frock ever so when mother came."

The crock referred to was composed of two large patches, one an old piece of dark brown serge, the other a bit of grey flannel, bearing a strong yellow hue, testifying to having undergone a process of severe scorching. The two were sewn together with white cotton, and tied on with string.

All the way home through that long dreary journey the little gentle face, with the large, appealing eyes, was before me, and the words, "Step in, ma'am," rang over and over with every revolution of the wheels. It came not only voiced by the thin tones of my late little friend, but up from a myriad circumstances akin to hers; from a myriad voices as pathetic; lifted from a myriad souls as helpless—"Step in"—asking us to step in between them and their godless conditions; in between them and the dark shadows of midnight circumstances; in between them and threatening destruction of all classes and characters.

Looking away from this incident for a moment, I look into the eyes of the hundreds within our own ranks, whom God has called to leap into the breach, and who have faltered and help back by the consideration of some selfish gain, or the consciousness of some human weakness, and stretching out our hands of love and faith I catch your trembling one and would ask you, would persuade you, would entreat you to leap over every obstacle, and by the strength of Omnipotence, and the grace of Calvary, and the love of Christ Jesus, to turn your face towards this staring gap, and "Step In."

Adjutant Goodwin Farewells.

After a stay of fourteen months, Adj. Goodwin has said good-bye to the Lippincott soldiers and friends, to take charge of London. Since the Adjutant has been in command of Lippincott about eighty people have been converted, amongst the number being some great drunkards. In addition to these some forty names have been added to the permanent roll, the crowds and finances have gone up splendidly, and the corps is in a very good condition for a prosperous summer's work.

On the farewell Sunday four sought Christ, and one a few nights before boldly volunteered to the penitent form, making five during the past week. The finances for the week-end were almost three times the usual amount, and much interest was shown by soldiers and friends. The Adjutant and her assistant, Capt. Farrier, are earnest workers, and are always ready to do everything that lies in their power to help those in trouble or distress. Lippincott's loss will be London's gain.—Tress.

Winnipeg's S.-M. Farewells.

On Friday night a farewell tea was given to J. S. Sergt-Major and Mrs. Clark, who are leaving us for some part of the State of Michigan. They have acted as J. S. Sergt-Majors for

some time, and the Junior work, under their direction, has gone ahead by leaps and bounds; the attendance increasing from twenty-five to one hundred. They will not only be missed by the Juniors, but the whole corps, as they took a very active part in the general work of the corps, and many can testify to the great blessing they have been. They were presented with a suitable gift by the J. S. workers and comrades, as a token of their appreciation of their work in the corps. After tea a few short addresses were given. Brigadier and Mrs. Southall, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips, and Adjutant Wakefield, in a few pointed words, expressed their regrets at losing one who had been of such help, and for whom they had the greatest respect. It was suggested by the Staff-Captain, and approved of by the Brigadier, that their names be kept on the Winnipeg roll, seeing there was no corps in the place to which they were going. Any God-blessed man, at the night meeting Staff-Capt. Phillips enrolled eighteen comrades under his flag.

On Sunday night the farewell meeting of the above comrades was conducted by Adj. Wakefield. Many comrades testified to their godliness, expressed their sorrow at losing them, and wished them God-speed. Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield and Ensign Smith spoke of them as always being ready to take part in the very hardest fight, having known them for over nine years.

Mrs. Clark, in saying good-bye, thanked the workers for their hearty co-operation, and for any measure of success they may have had she could only give the praise to God, and thank Him that He had used them as a means of blessing to someone else. In their new sphere they intended to look out for the work, as she felt that wherever they went, God would find

them something to do in His vineyard. The Sergt-Major then read a few verses, and after an earnest prayer meeting, we rejoiced over three souls at the mercy-seat.—Ontoker.

NEWFOUNDLAND VICTORIES.

Our crowds and finances are up-to-date, and the fire is still burning in our soul. Last Friday we had an enrolment of eleven recruits.

On Easter Sunday we had a grand day. In the morning, at seven o'clock, forty-six met for knee-drill.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Juniors took the platform for their annual review.

At night we had a grand time. After singing and a few testimonies, Sergt-Major and Mrs. Barter, who by the way, were the first couple married under the Army flag in Newfoundland, sang a duet. Ensign Welch also sang a beautiful solo. Mrs. Adj. Fraser spoke from the words, "Peace be unto you." Conviction was stamped on many faces. The first one to surrender was a young man, who volunteered from the gallery to the mercy-seat. While we were singing "Whosoever will," they kept coming, until we counted twelve at the penitent form. It was a beautiful sight to see them wear out their sorrow to a merciful Saviour. After they all had the victory, we had a great rejoicing, and amidst the dancing and shouting, others came until the penitent form was again lined with nine seekers. Glory to God! Twenty-two souls for the day! How the angels in heaven must have rejoiced.

During the past week three thousand two hundred and thirty-six people attended our meetings.—Cadet H. Connecke.

Echoes from the Women's Social Department.

Major Stewart paid a hurried visit to London, on business, a few days ago. The Major reports Adj. McDonald and Staff pushing forward the interests of the Rescue Work. Adj. McDonald has been having some necessary improvements in the Home; best of all, some of the girls are getting converted.

Mrs. Ensign Payne has been conducting meetings in some corps in the Eastern Provinces on behalf of the Halifax Rescue Home. She tells us of practical interest manifested by the people in the places visited, and of new Rescue League members enlisted.

We are moving our Rescue Home to Hamilton. Capt. Bell, the Matron, has been obliged to purchase furniture for the new premises.

Three little ones, sent to one of our Homes by the city authorities, were so delighted with the room they were shown into that they had the furniture. The poor little darlings had never, in their slum home, seen any proper furniture in their short, sad lives.

From Newfoundland, Ensign Wood sends news of victory. She is plodding along faithfully in her little Home in the Island, and God is blessing her efforts.

Sergt-Major Mrs. Omatcock, who has faithfully looked after our League of Mercy in Peterboro, has removed to the North-West. Mrs. Lloyd has taken her place, and, though she has two or three members in ill health, she writes full of hope for the future of the League of Mercy in Peterboro.

CECIL RHODES.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE GENERAL

The Editor of the War Cry, knowing that from my occasional intercourse with Mr. Rhodes, I must have had some slight knowledge of him, has asked me to write my impressions for the benefit of the readers of his paper. Feeling that the interest aroused by his unexpected death may be shared by a number of Salvationists, I have complied with this wish. As everybody knows, the deceased gentleman was a long way from being a Salvationist, and though he more than once contributed to our funds, it was only on behalf of our Social Work in South



Cecil Rhodes—His Last Picture.

Africa. Nevertheless, I must say I regard him with considerable interest, and his unexpected departure has caused me much regret.

In the course of my wanderings, I have been privileged to meet with many of the class of individuals who are said to be the moving spirits of the world, but very few outside the pale of Christian and philanthropic circles have impressed and interested me more than did Cecil Rhodes.

His general character, objects in life, and the methods pursued in seeking to realize them, those closely associated with him will be better able to speak than myself. Mine was only a casual acquaintance, and the matters on which we were agreed, and in which we were mutually interested, were few and far between. Still, there were things on which I believe we were in harmony, and had he lived longer, and come to know us better, there is very little doubt, I fancy, but he would have been glad to have rendered me some substantial assistance in realizing them. Perhaps we might have been useful to him. Who can tell?

The First Meeting.

The first time we met was on the occasion of my first visit to South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was then Premier of Cape Colony. That was in the year 1891. Lord Loch, the Governor of the Colony, presided at a welcome given me at a meeting of the leading people of the city, after which Mr. Rhodes received me at the Parliament Buildings.

We understood one another at once, and after some talk about matters in general, in which I remember he spoke very highly of the climate of the Cape Colony, he then discussed the details of my proposal for the founding of "An Over-the-Sea Colony." I think I see him now, scanning the large scale map of South Africa on the walls of his office, and rejecting the idea of his settling his colony in the interior of the country. "You are set on filling the world with the knowledge of the Gospel," his ruling purpose is the extension of the British Empire." Then, laying his finger on a great piece of map, he shows me the Cape Colony, which was then known as Masheenaland, but which is now called after his name, he went on to say, "If this part of South Africa would suit you, I can give you whatever extent of land you wish."

We parted with mutual respect. I am sure I was impressed with the strength and originality of his personality, and I think he thought that I was not without some intelligent and

practical appreciation of what I was striving to accomplish.

I had hoped to have met him again that afternoon. A few friends had been invited by Lord and Lady Loch to meet me at an "At Home" at Government House. Earl Carrington and, I think, the present Duke of Sutherland—both of whom had been fellow-passengers with me on the way out—were present. Mr. Rhodes, however, was absent, and I was disappointed. I felt that if I was to gain anything in the direction of my Colonization Scheme in South Africa, he was the man most likely to help me to bring it about.

The Second Meeting.

Years passed away. In 1895 I was once more in South Africa. My stay in Cape Town was very short, as I jokingly passed on to Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, Durban, and other places up country. My public meetings in Cape Town had been arranged to come off on my return journey, and I had fully expected again to see Mr. Rhodes.

To my no little disappointment, on my arrival was informed with the greatest positiveness that the Premier was not be to seen. I forgot the exact reason given. I think it was his health; but when the day came that was fixed for the sailing of my steamer, I felt I could not leave Cape Town without an effort to secure a meeting. I, therefore, set about the business with some degree of determination, and finally had the satisfaction of finding him at Parliament Buildings.

Rhodes' Generous Offer.

I think he was pleased to see me. I do not remember much of what passed at what was to me a very interesting interview. Sir Gordon Sprigg (now Premier of Cape Colony) was present. I do recollect, however, that Mr. Rhodes renewed his offer of land in Rhodesia.

This country was much better known than when he first mentioned it to me. The unfortunate war with the natives, and the discovery of the precious metal in considerable quantities, and other interesting circumstances, had been made known to the world. I asked Mr. Rhodes "the gold turns out to be a success, the markets will be all right for the corn, and vegetables, and fruit which you and your colony will produce. And if you think the locality will be suitable, you had better send some capable officers to survey the country. They can select a district, and I will endeavor to have your purpose, and you shall have what land is necessary."

This offer Mr. Rhodes made in the most deliberate manner twice over. Of course, he knew what I wanted to do. I wanted the country for the people, and he wanted the people for the country. So far, we were one, perhaps not much further. But that was something.

As the interview closed, something was said by me bearing on his spiritual interests. In this, I regarded him as a man of the world, and I felt I must go wisely. To offend him would, I felt, destroy every opening for future usefulness with him. I forgot what I said, but it was something straight, personal, and it was understood by him at once. While he did not assent to my remarks by any passing pretensions of religion, he did not resent them, neither did he pass them off with anything like levity or indifference.

On the contrary, he was serious and thoughtful, and when I said I should pray for him, he responded, "Yes, that was good." Prayer, he considered, was useful, acting as a sort of time table, bringing before the mind the duties of the day, and pulling one up to face the obligations for their discharge. I must say I very dimly apprehended his meaning at the time, but a little incident that occurred some years afterwards showed that my remarks made an indelible impression on his mind.

An Historic Journey.

Our next meeting was in England. In company with Lord Litch, he went-

ed to see the Hadleigh Farm Colony, and an appointment was made for a visit. He especially desired that I should accompany him, and, of course, I gladly agreed. My son (the Chief of the Star) was with us. We went out together, taking a pleasant little train, Colonel Barker was on the train. Little did I anticipate that within three years' time three out of the five persons who comprised that company would have passed off the human stage of action—would have been taken to their last abode. The first to go, then Colonel Barker was called home, and now multitudes are regretting the death of Mr. Rhoeas. Could I have been informed of the fact by some whispering spirit I might have saved up the few hours we spent together for that day, and made reference to the things concerning God and eternity than was done.

As it was, we talked in that compartment of many matters of varying character of South Africa—the Raid, which he said had cost him dear; Olive Schreiner, of whom he said, "Yes, we used to be good friends, and now she writes me down." This remark, I observed, was made without the slightest shade of bitterness. Of course, Social Work, as it affected the poor in its different phases, was discussed.

together, journeying down we lunched together, and wandered over the Colony and discussed its principal features. Mr. Rhodes was interested in everything. Nothing struck me more than his equanimity spirit. "What is it that is it for?" "What little does it answer?" "Who is this?" "Where does he come from?" "What is he doing?" "What are you going to do with him?" were the questions constantly on his lips, and to say that he was a very little over the top. The whole thing evidently took a strong hold of him, and I believe that all that day his mind was wandering off to Rodeasia, with wondering imaginings how he could transfer some of the things he saw at the school to Rodeasia. He was all around him to that far-away land.

That night Colonel Barker, one of my most trusted officers, accompanied him to his hotel, where he again talked over the things he had seen, and assured the Colonel that he would see all the Social Work we had in the way of Shelters, and Elevators, and Homes, and everything else of the kind before he returned to Africa.

A day or two after there came a telegram calling him to the Cape, and then came the war, and Kimberley, and a host of other absorbing matters, and now the death skeleton has carried him out of our earthly sight for ever.—English "Cry."

HAVING OR USING POWER.

Getting and having are not the true measure of power and influence, or of enjoyment and satisfaction. In this world as it is, there are many men who are more successful in getting and holding money, yet who are less respected, less looked up to than many a digger and seller of potatoes, or journeyman carpenter, always ready to help when called for. Money is, in itself, no more a means of happiness or power than are wild blackberries; but the wise helping of one fellow is, in itself, a means of both happiness and power. Which is your choice?

SUPPRESSING EVIL

It is not safe to assume that we shall rid ourselves of evil tendencies by suppressing the means by which they show themselves. To abolish private property would not be to abolish the selfish desire which would find a vent in the love of money and its accumulation. It would merely compel the diversion of those desires into other channels, perhaps with greater suffering to those who become their victims. The axe must be laid to the root of the evil, not to the leaves of it. The evil must be overcome by bringing men's desires and thoughts into harmony with the laws of right and truth.

The foolish bark at truth because it is a stranger to them.

No one is nearer to heaven by belonging to the upper classes of society.



III.--THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the death of Maximilian, the Empire was coveted by three kings, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and Charles of Spain. Henry, however, on inquiry, found that he was better off in England than he would have been with the addition of the stormy Empire, and gave up all thoughts of offering himself; but Francis declared that he and Charles were both suitors for the same lady, and sent wagon-loads of treasure to decide her choice.

The Electors, however, wished to choose the good Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and would have done so but that he declared that the Emperor ought to have much larger lands of his own than he had in Saxony, in order to be able to protect his subjects from the Turks, and he also thought that he himself too old for such a charge. He, therefore, led them to choose the late Kaiser's grandson, Charles of Hapsburg, who was then only a boy, and one of all the little of Austria, and lord of all the little of Hungary, and of all the Low Countries, as well as of Spain, Naples, and Sicily, though his mother, the poor, crazy Juana, was still alive, watching her husband's affairs, in hopes that he would wake again.

Charles had been born at Ghent with the century, and was only sixteen. His aunt Margarethe had educated him at Brussels, and he was more of a Fleming than anything else. He was of the country of his brilliant grandfather, but more thoughtful; very slow in making up his mind, but never changing his purpose when once decided. He was a serious, nervous, and sensitive man, which he only kept under by a strong self-control. He was a religious man, and anxious for the good of the world; and he set before him from the first the great work as the duty of the head of the House of Austria, namely, to hold a general council for the purifying of the church, and to have a crusade to drive back the infidel. In both these he was hindered all through his reign by the jealousy of Francis I.

Luther wrote to him on the state of the church in strong and bitter words, and at the same time Pope Leo X. put forth a bull denouncing Luther's teaching, and commanding that if he did not recant within sixty days he should be sent to Rome and dealt with as a heretic. This bull was burnt by Luther and his scholars in the marketplace, at Wittenburg, all his friends refused to publish it, and he appealed from it to a general council of the church.

Charles called together a Diet, to meet at Wurms, on the 6th of January, 1521, and invited Luther thither with a safe-conduct. It was feared that this might be no more heeded than the safe-conduct of Slegmund to Huss; but Luther declared he would go "though there should be as many devils at Wurms as there were tiles on the roofs," and he came into the city in a wagon, chanting Psalms.

"The Diet at Sackgau, boasting Palatinate
 troops, and the League of the Landgrave
 ever met in Germany, for Luther's
 friends maintained there to protect him,
 and an old Captain of landsknechts,
 the Count of Reussburg, came and
 showed him the way to the Diet, and
 monk, then art on a march, and charge
 such as we captains never saw in our
 bloodiest battles; but if thy cause
 were for God's sake, He will not
 forsake thee. Luther said, I know
 whether he had written the books that
 were before the Diet. He said yes,
 and began to defend himself in Latin.
 The Emperor said, I will not hear
 and said, 'This is not the man to
 make me a heretic. The Emperor
 thought a Diet was not the place for
 religious relations, and so he
 would not hear him; and the
 Chancellor whether he would recant,
 or run the risks of the law against
 heretics. Luther looked round, and
 saw that there was no point to do otherwise.
 God help me. Amen."

(To be continued.)



Boomer's Honor Roll and Competition Notes

The Eastern Looks well—Arab in Better form—That Indomitable Smeeton Again—Brigadier Southall in a Fix—A One-Verse "Pome."

The Eastern Province has "out-did" itself! 122 is really noble.

Arab has not disappointed me after all. He comes out ahead of Nigger.

Poor Brigadier Southall! He'll be captured sure. Let us hope he won't be wounded. What an awful calamity that would be!

The name of Brigadier Smeeton will, it is confidently expected, soon appear on the D. S. (Distinguished Service) List.

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Brigadier Smeeton turned his command in the direction of Montreal. See what an easy capture he could make of the East Ontario Brigade this week.

The one bright thing about the C.O. P. is Lieut. Currell's achievement. The 300 mark is again in evidence.

The other leading hustlers of the week are: Capt. Hookin (253), Capt. Long, Sydney (253), and Lieut. March, St. John I. (245).

Someone suggests that 122 Hustlers creates a new record. I'll have to look it up and see.

I hope Capt. Long and Ensign Gooding, of Skagway, won't arrive at the false conclusion that we have forgotten the Province. Oh, dear! No! We think a great deal of our Klondikers.

A word to boomers far and wide, Keep at it! When selling Crys don't be denied, Keep at it! There's lots of chance for you to rise, It doesn't matter what your size, Go in, and try to gain the prize—Keep at it!

Eastern Province. 122 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Sydney	259
Lieut. March, St. John I.	245
Sergt. Venoit, Halifax II.	242
Lieut. Thistle, Halifax I.	160
Ensign Thompson, Westville	150
Lieut. Lehn, Charlottetown	115
Capt. Pyne Bomerat	135
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	135
S. M. McQueen, Moncton	125
Sergt. J. Lidston, Glace Bay	125
Lieut. Oglivay, St. John V.	115
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	114
Lieut. White, Summerside	110
Cadet Newell, Carleton	105
Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	105
Capt. Clark, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Osabin, Halifax I.	100
Sergt. Chambers, Calais	90
Capt. Taylor, Esport	90
Capt. Prince, St. George's	80
Lieut. Holden, Halifax II.	75
Adj. Byers, Moncton	75
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, N. Sydney	73
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	70
Lieut. McLeod, Hamilton	70
Bro. White, Hamilton	70
Sergt. Tilt, Fredericton	70
Lieut. Murborough, Newcastoe	70
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	68
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	64
Ensign Allen, Woodstock	60
Capt. White, Sackville	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60
Mrs. Adjt. Clouston, Charlottetown	60
Lieut. McDonald, St. Stephen	60
Sergt. Orsin, Glace Bay	60

Lieut. Melkie, Springhill	60
Capt. Forsey, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Legge, Liverpool	55
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. Tiller, Hillsboro	50
Capt. Lorimer, N. Sydney	50
Jennie Hardick, Windsor	50
Lieut. Erno, Annapolis	50
E. Peckwood, St. George's	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Cadet Lavendish, Campbellton	48
Lieut. Riley, St. John I.	45
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	45
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45
Cadet Elliott, Windsor	45
Lieut. Crossman, Canning	45
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	45
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42
Lieut. Murborough, Kentville	42
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	42
Mag Turner, St. John V.	40
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	40
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	40
Lieut. Munroe, Lunenburg	40
Lieut. Moore, Bridgewater	40
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	40
Capt. Miller, Chatham	40



Brigadier Southall—"Oh, dear! Here's my horse balking, and Brigadier Smeeton is rushing my laager! He'll capture me, sure!"

P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	39
James Kelly, St. George's	37
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	35
Lieut. DeBow, Halifax I.	35
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	35
Cadet Hughes, Moncton	35
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	35
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	34
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	32
Cadet Conrad, Stellarton	30
Lieut. Oglivay, St. John V.	30
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
Sergt. McEwne, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. Marshall, Digby	30
John Gibbons, St. George's	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Fawson, Parrishore	27
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
Capt. B. Green, Dominion	25
Mrs. Young, Lunenburg	25
M. Jones, Woodstock	25
Ensign Williams, Fredericton	25
A. Taylor, Truro	25
Sergt. Beatty, Digby	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Edith Williams, Fredericton	25
Lieut. Weakly, Sackville	25
C. C. Godose, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Dugan, Digby	25
Lieut. White, Digby	25
Lieut. N. Kim, Halifax IV.	25
W. Jennings, St. George's	25
Cand. McEachern, St. John III.	23
Capt. Armstrong, Fairville	23
Capt. Leadley, Campbellton	23

Lieut. Hamilton, Fairville	23
Capt. Richards, North Head	22
Capt. Graves, Freeport	22
Mrs. Lovely, Parrishore	21
H. Jefferson, Annapolis	21
Mrs. Semple, Fredericton	20
J. Chase, Fredericton	20
H. Semple, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Bean, Southampton	20
Sister Brown, Bridgewater	20
M. Sykeman, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Taylor, Calais	20
Sister Blackburn, Westville	20
May Postar, Westville	20
E. Hunt, Bear River	20
J. Bridges, Sackville	20
Lieut. Vandine, Sydney Mines	20
Lieut. Nugent, Freeport	20

West Ontario Province.

54 Hustlers.	
Capt. Hookin, London	254
C. Cameron, Brantford	160
Capt. White, Ingersoll	138
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	115
Lieut. Hinsel, Guelph	115
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinot, Windsor	110
Viagie Chatterton, Brantford	100
Lieut. West, Chatham	95
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	90
Sister Bert Thompson, Wallaceburg	90
Capt. Fry, Goderich	85
Lieut. Close, Goderich	85
Capt. Williams, Clinton	82
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	80
Sister Gooding, Galt	80

Sister Ferguson, Drayton	36
Mrs. M. Cutting, Essex	35
Mrs. Capt. Dewar, Palmerston	35
Hannah Burns, Dresden	34
Sister Foubister, St. Thomas	34
Cadet Horwood, Strathroy	32
Nelle Langley, St. Thomas	32
Capt. Coombs, St. Thomas	32
Capt. Coy, Leamington	30
Loitie Christner, Petrolia	30
Sister Howlett, Hespler	30
Sister Britton, Stratford	30
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	29
Hugh Robins, Windsor	28
Capt. Crawford, Simcoe	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	25
Sister Tivens, Stratford	25
Mrs. Slote, Woodstock	25
Ensign Homers, St. Thomas	25
Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	25
Lillie Duckworth, Hespler	24
Sister Leather, Stratford	21
C. C. Thompson, Windsor	20
Bro. Musgrove, Woodstock	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Rose Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Greenwood, Blenheim	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Edith Clark, St. Thomas	20
Mabel Blackard, Paris	20

Central Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	300
P. S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	152
Larg. Jones, Huntsville	129
Capt. Craig, North Bay	70
P. S. M. Stacey, Temple	66
Capt. McCan, Yorkville	62
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	62
Sergt. Major Travis, Newmarket	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	60
Ensign Staiger, Owen Sound	58
Lieut. Porter, Midland	50
Adj. Walker, St. Catharines	50
Mrs. Miller, Bracebridge	50
Capt. Cuthbert, Dundas	50
Capt. Stephens, Meaford	50
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton II.	50
Capt. Fisher, Owen Sound	49
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	48
Lieut. Smith, Orillia	45
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	40
P. S. M. Stewart, Ligar St.	40
P. S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	40
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
Bro. Moffit, Riverside	40
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	40
Sergt. Hatter, Orillia	39
Capt. Stephen, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Lago, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Welshy, Orangeville	37
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	37
Capt. Nelson, Faversham	35
Lieut. Gracett, Aurora	35
Ensign Sherrin, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Sheppard, Bowmanville	35
C. O. Nellie Richards, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Marskell, Brooklin	30
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	30
Sergt. Mrs. Small, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Mrs. Kase, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Mrs. Bro, Parry Sound	30
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	30
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	29
Capt. Wilson, Dundas	29
Sergt. McNeusey, Collingwood	29
Capt. Brockets, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickels, Gravenhurst	27
Mrs. Stacey, Temple	27
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	26
Capt. Caldwell, Huron St.	26
Capt. Caldwell, Huron St.	26
Lieut. Quafie, Huron St.	26
C. C. Edie Cornell, Lindsay	26
Lieut. Williams, Kilmont	25
Capt. Wardine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Orillia	25
Lieut. Meester, Burk's Falls	25
C. C. Gorow, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Capper, Bramton	25
Lieut. Peacock, Brampton	25
Sergt. Phillips, Ligar St.	25
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Lieut. Smith, Ligar St.	21
Adj. Sims, Ligar St.	20
S. M. McHenry, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	20
C. C. Courtmanche, Norland	20
Mrs. J. Joyce, Huntsville	20
Capt. Rose, Orillia	20
Howard Proctor, Aurora	20
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	20
Harry Walker, St. Catharines	20

Newfoundland Province.

51 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Major Ebbary, St. John I.	80
Cadet J. Butler, St. John's I.	68

